



booze and her kiss, these are drugs that do not mix by everybreatheeverymove

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-01-05 11:27:40

Updated: 2019-01-05 11:27:40

Packaged: 2019-12-12 20:00:38

Rating: K +

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,200

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: (Prompt: Red wine-stained lips.) The deep red liquid continues sloshing around in his glass, a couple of droplets trickling down over the rim where Mike's lips had just been pressed. (Suddenly, she wishes she were made of glass; fragile and pure and kissed by one Mike Wheeler.)

booze and her kiss, these are drugs that do not mix

She'd only been away from him for a couple of minutes.

They'd been casually talking about their plans for the weekend when Karen had politely dragged her son away and handed him a glass of expensive red wine. Mike had simply joined her circle of conversation with slumped, disinterested shoulders, and he'd glared down at the drink for the longest time before forcing himself to take a swig.

But judging by his expression, the way his nose scrunches and his lips purse in what El can only assume is distaste, she's almost certain he would rather not be drinking any alcohol at all.

It's because, maybe, she thinks, this is the first glass he's ever had. His parents—Karen especially—probably encourage social drinking; a small glass of red wine at Christmas dinner with extended family never hurt.

The deep red liquid continues sloshing around in his glass, a couple of droplets trickling down over the rim where Mike's lips had just been pressed.

(Suddenly, she wishes she were made of glass; fragile and pure and kissed by one Mike Wheeler.)

Nancy appears at his side then. She'd been a couple feet away from him to start with—on the other side of their mother who was lost in conversation with someone across the room. Walking around their mother with a sheepish grin on her face, Nancy cuts in between Mike and their ever-talkative cousin from Florida.

Her right arm is folded over her chest, fingers wrapped tightly her left bicep, and there's a wine glass in her hand, too. Only hers is mostly empty, and before Mike can even try to force another sip down, his sister's prying the booze from his hands and tipping its content into her own glass.

The older Wheeler sibling glances around nonchalantly as she does so, but there's a slight smirk tugging at the corners of her mouth.

Glass practically overflowing, Nancy hands Mike's back over to him, and she takes off after placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"Thank you," Mike mouths after her with a grateful look on his face, earning a smile. He quickly mutters an apology to his cousin, proceeding to discard his glass on a nearby table and hurriedly make his way over to El.

Lucas has gone off somewhere with Max by now, so she's been silently stood alone by the desert table. Dustin is nearby; she can hear him arguing about the star power of one Judd Nelson from somewhere behind her, and Will is off in the corner talking to her dad, Hop with a fatherly, reassuring hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Sorry."

Mike is in front of her now, hands slid into the front pockets of his cords. His wiggles his brows, mud brown eyes gazing down at El with a dazed look.

"My mom likes it when we *entertain our guests*." His voice drips with disdain, and when he shakes his head, black hair falls in his eyes and El reaches up to sweep it back. She tucks it behind his ear, smiling.

"It's okay," she says, hand shifting from the curve of his ear to the side of his face. She cups his left cheek in her palm, unintentionally making Mike arch down to lean into her touch.

Lashes fluttering a couple of times, El glances down at the flowers of her dress; they're blue and yellow and they stand out beautifully against the forest green velvet, and the green and black stripes of Mike's knitted sweater.

"You entertain me."

"I do?" Mike asks, slightly confused. His nostrils flare and his eyes widen when she lowers her hand down to his chest, pushing up on her tiptoes. Voice low, Mike rasps, "How?"

Her left hand comes to join her right then, and she presses up on the tips of her small heels until she's almost eye-level. "Your face."

Mike's face flushes then, a light rose tint rising to his cheeks. His lips part, dry and stained, "Oh." He nods, twice, thinking he's understood.

El brings her hand up to his face, and she smooths the tip of her index finger along his bottom lip, brows furrowing in concentration when he shivers beneath her touch.

"What are you doing?" He asks, words ricocheting against her skin.

The girl simply smiles, and she digs her teeth into her own lip with the smallest of squelches as she sucks in a breath. "They're red," El says, looking up into his eyes.

Mike's eyebrows pull together in curiosity, and he brings a hand up to his mouth. He bends his thumb, runs the tip slowly along his top lip, "My lips?"

Nodding, El feels him place his hand on her waist. She shuffles closer, neck craning back as she melts into him, "From the wine."

"Yeah," Mike scoffs, "it's not the best."

Having never tasted it herself, El can't agree nor disagree. And she doubts Hopper would ever let her try it until she's at least sixteen. So, instead, she settles for the next best thing.

"Kiss me."

Wide eyes practically bulging out of his head, Mike almost gasps, "*here?*"

El nods, a grin of her face, and she pushes up on her toes again to lessen the height difference between them. She blinks once, twice, before Mike dares to press his lips against hers.

They've only done this a handful of times, but most of those kisses were innocent and done when there was no one else around. The Snowball doesn't count, obviously, nor does that one time Hopper walked into the cabin to find Mike pressed up against a wall by a levitating El.

But this; kissing in front of a crowd of grown-ups, Mike's family, and

people who are probably more than a little bit curious about the Wheeler boy's connection to the Chief's strange daughter? Definitely new.

Eyes closing, Mike sinks into the kiss after a moment, mostly encouraged by the soft mewls coming from his girlfriend's mouth.

Her palms are flat against his chest, fingertips digging into his collarbones, just past the neck of his knit. There's a low heat growing in the pit of her stomach, and El's hazel eyes flutter open when the boy tilts his head and kisses deeper, hungrier.

Five seconds into it, El can feel her small heels lift off of the carpet, and she's floating a half inch above the floor before she can stop herself. And so she has to pull away to ground herself, fingers tightly clawing at Mike's shoulders to find her footing.

She digs her shoes into the thick carpet, ankles twisting as she sways in front of Mike. El looks up at him with a smile on her face, flushed and blushing as she licks her lips to taste them, "Not so bad."

The black-haired boy snorts, lips pulling into a smirk, "Me?"

"The wine," she says, watching as his Adam's apple bobs when he swallows, "You're perfect."